

POWER RANGERS RPM

EPISODE #1701

"The Road to Corinth"

by Eddie Guzelian

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POWER RANGERS -- RPM
"The Road To Corinth"

1701-00 THE SCREEN

1701-00

--is black and empty.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)
Listen carefully, O.k.? We don't
have a lot of time...

A flicker of life and we realize we are looking at--

A COMPUTER MONITOR

Password windows fill the screen as we cycle through
encryption prompts. A retinal scan allows us to see a CLOSE
UP of the eye of a YOUNG GIRL--

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)
It started three years ago...

The desktop appears, cycling through color-coded schematics
of Ranger suits, gadgets, and vehicles. But we only see them
for a moment before windows begin opening over them.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)
The World Internet Federation
reported the appearance of an
aggressive new computer worm...The
Venjix Virus.

The on-screen windows flash a series of still photos and
streaming videos, overlapping on top of each other. We see a
press conference, newspaper headlines, etc.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)
A year later, it was estimated that
Venjix had already infected 37% of
the world's computer systems.

More overlapping windows--authorities collecting computers,
severing fiber optic lines, etc. A larger window of a world
map appears--an ominous red mass spreading out from
population centers to cover the globe.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)
By then, it was too late.

Multiple video windows inflate before us. STOCK FOOTAGE of
black outs, stock market collapses, etc.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)
Venjix took control of the world's
communication, power, and defense
systems.

More videos open. FOOTAGE of automated assembly lines,
marching VENJIX GRINDERS, flying DRONES, etc.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)
It built armies of advanced robotic
soldiers that laid waste to
everything in their path. There
was no stopping them. And Venjix
declared victory:

*

A video opens--a single red light glowing in darkness--

VENJIX (FILTERED)
*I am Venjix. I am the perfection
of being. I am the final evolution
of the conscious mind. Your world
is now my world. And your time is
now over--*

The video is cut off as the cursor closes the video window,
moving over a tool bar to open more files.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)
But it's not over. Not yet...

A map fills the screen, refreshing as we move closer and
closer to a blinking green dot on an unspecified coast line.
The longitude and latitude coordinates of the location print
across the screen--[71° 5' 52 N Longitude: 42° 20' 46" W
Latitude.

*
*
*
*

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)
If you can hear my voice, please go
now to the domed city of Corinth.

The cursor DOUBLE CLICKS the dot and it opens into detailed
schematics of the Corinth dome and features.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)
It's the only place we can be safe.
But you have to make it inside the
city walls before the defense
shield is activated. Please--hurry.

We push in on a city schematic and MATCH DISSOLVE TO--

1701-1 THE REAL CITY OF CORINTH - ESTABLISHING

1701-1

Around the steel skeleton of a dome, a battle rages beneath a layer of dense black smoke--flashes of EXPLOSIONS, criss-crossing laser BLASTS, sinister robotic SOUNDS, etc.

1701-2 EXT. CORINTH CITY WALL - EXTERIOR GATE 239 - DAY

1701-2

Soldiers lay down cover fire and guide a stream of vehicles and people into the city. We hear O.S. CHAOS--LASER BLASTS, EXPLOSIONS, and the HYDRAULIC WHINE of unseen attack robots.

A lone figure stands tall and cool in the raging confusion, staring out at the battle through dark sunglasses. This is COLONEL MASON TRUMAN. There's no question who's in charge here. A panicked soldier, CORPORAL HICKS, races up to him--

CORPORAL HICKS

Colonel Truman! Colonel Truman!

He places a reassuring hand on the young man's shoulder.

COLONEL TRUMAN

Easy, son. Get yourself together and give me a proper report.

CORPORAL HICKS

Yes, sir. They've broken through the West corridor into Zone Delta, sir. We can't hold them off.

Truman peels off his sunglasses.

*

COLONEL TRUMAN

And Eagle Squad?

*

A slight hesitation before--

CORPORAL HICKS

Sir--We lost contact with air support over an hour ago, sir. What should I do, sir?

COLONEL TRUMAN

Go shoot at something.

CORPORAL HICKS

Sir, yes, sir!

*

*

Hicks hurries off. We hear several DEEP HONKS as--

A BATTERED BUS - filled with passengers comes SCREAMING out of the smoke and SCREECHES to a stop. The side door folds open to reveal--

A YOUNG BUS DRIVER - at the wheel, protectively shielding a frightened FIVE YEAR OLD GIRL. He gets up and moves towards the door, kicking the top half of a severed Robot Grinder off the steps and out of the bus.

BUS DRIVER

Get out and stay out, ya no-good
worthless pile of trash.

(softly to girl)

This is your stop, little lass.
Off you go now...

*
*

He hands the girl out the door and into the arms of her tearful mother, who races off as Truman approaches--

COLONEL TRUMAN

You. What are you doing behind the
wheel of a military transport?

BUS DRIVER

Driving it. What else would I be
doing?

COLONEL TRUMAN

And you made it through the entire
Venjix army in one piece?

Several panels all fall off the bus at once, CLANGING to the ground. The Bus Driver flashes Truman a smile--

BUS DRIVER

Maybe a few pieces. But we made it.

The ground SHAKES as we hear the STOMPING of something approaching through the smoke.

*

COLONEL TRUMAN

Better get these people out of
here.

BUS DRIVER

Aye. I think I'll be getting myself
out as well, if you don't mind.

He's already behind the wheel and peeling away O.S.--

BUS DRIVER (AMPLIFIED)

Next stop, Corinth Square...

The STOMPING gets LOUDER. Truman hops onto a jeep, motioning to his men as Corporal Hicks scrambles behind the wheel.

COLONEL TRUMAN

Fall back--everyone inside the city
walls. Now!

The remaining soldiers fall back through the gate before
Truman nods at Hicks, who pulls his jeep through a tunnel to-

1701-02A EXT. CORINTH CITY - INTERIOR GATE 239 - CONTINUOUS 1701-02A

The jeep emerges on the inside of the city walls, where
nervous soldiers are positioned, training their weapons out
through the gate and-

INTO THE WALL OF SMOKE --STOMP!...STOMP!...STOMP!

THE SOLDIERS - grip their weapons, exchange nervous glances.

Colonel Truman hops out of the jeep, turns back to Hicks--

COLONEL TRUMAN
Stand by to raise the shield--

CORPORAL HICKS
But sir, your sons--they're still--

But Truman raises a hand that silences Hicks instantly.

COLONEL TRUMAN
On my signal...

POV THROUGH GATE - PUSH IN towards the thick wall of smoke as the STOMPING gets closer. We hear the hydraulic SCREAM of a large machine as the smoke swirls, pushed by something larger. We see the flash of something metallic and--

COLONEL TRUMAN
Seal all gates. Raise the shields.

Hicks is already relaying the order into his com link.

CORPORAL HICKS
Seal all city gates. Repeat, seal
all city gates...

1701-3 INT. CONTROL TOWER - WORKSTATIONS - CONTINUOUS 1701-3

A female tech officer, CHIEF VASQUEZ begins pressing buttons on control panels while people scramble around her.

*
*

CORPORAL HICKS (V.O., FILTERED)
Activate defense dome, all grids.

VARIOUS MONITORS - A power bar for the city's shield system begins to charge up.

*

1701-4 EXT. CORINTH CITY - INTERIOR GATE 239 - CONTINUOUS 1701-4

COLONEL TRUMAN AND HICKS - we hear a POWERING WHINE as they glance up at--

THE SKY - Sections on the city's skeletal grid flicker on, one by one. The dark clouds above them are replaced with panels of blue sky. It is suddenly a bright, sunny day.

TRUMAN AND HICKS - turn back towards--

THE GATE - where a MASSIVE STEEL DOOR is dropping, the SOUNDS of the battle still raging outside it in the smoke. Suddenly, a single headlight stabs through the smoke as two figures on a motorcycle come SQUEALING towards--

THE DOOR - It's almost closed. They'll never make it. But at the last possible moment--

THE DRIVER - drops the bike onto its side. SPARKS fly as the cycle narrowly SKIDS under the door and slides to a stop.

THE DRIVER - gets up, dusting off a paramedic's uniform and removing a helmet to shake out her long golden hair. She turns back and helps up the passenger, a YOUNG PILOT--

YOUNG MEDIC

Told you so.

Truman and Hicks come racing over. Despite the fact that his arm is in a sling, the pilot snaps to attention, saluting--

COLONEL TRUMAN

Eagle 2, report. Where is Eagle 1?

YOUNG PILOT

Eagle 1 is down, sir. He's gone.

Hicks lowers his head. The gate door HAMMERS shut. We hear the ECHO of hundreds of doors SLAMMING all around the city's perimeter.

*

TRUMAN AND THE YOUNG PILOT - still stand, facing each other.

COLONEL TRUMAN

Dismissed.

The pilot struggles, breaking from the military formality.

YOUNG PILOT

Dad, I--

COLONEL TRUMAN

--I said dismissed.

The Young Medic steps in, gently leading the pilot away.

YOUNG MEDIC

Come on. Let me have a look at that arm.

Colonel Truman turns away towards the closed gate. Hicks approaches, his eyes following the Colonel's gaze.

CORPORAL HICKS

Sir. Do you suppose--? I mean--
what if there are people still out
there, sir.

Truman puts an arm on Hick's shoulder, shaking his head.

COLONEL TRUMAN

Then heaven help them. Because we
can't.

We slowly PUSH IN towards the massive sealed gate and then-

SLAM TO:

1701-05 A BLACK CARD

1701-05

--with the simple white letters "ONE YEAR LATER..."

The letters FADE away into TOTAL BLACKNESS. We linger long
enough to hear the mournful HOWL of an empty wind and then--

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

1701-6 EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

1701-6

An endless expanse of lifeless rock and dust under a sun that
looks too bright. Nothing grows here. Nothing could.

The sound of the WIND gives way to something else--the GROWL
of a serious Detroit engine, getting louder and louder until--

A BLACK CAR - ROARS over the hill, sailing through the air.
This battered hot rod with a supercharged engine is--

1701-7 THE FURY

1701-7

A figure is visible through the windshield, gripping the
steering wheel. A dark hooded sweatshirt is pulled up over
his head and his face is obscured by a breathing apparatus.

1701-8 INT. FURY - QUICK DRAMATIC CLOSE UPS--

1701-8

THE DRIVER - shifts gears, turns the wheel.

VARIOUS DIALS - The needles strain into the red.

1701-9 INT. FURY - DAY

1701-9

The driver's gloved hand reaches over a BLACK CRASH HELMET, fiddling with the dial of an old-fashioned radio, fighting through a sea of STATIC until--

RADIO VOICE (V.O., FILTERED)
--broadcasting on all AM/FM
frequencies from the domed City of
Corinth: 71 degrees, 5 minutes, 52
seconds North Longitude...

1701-10 EXT. WASTELAND - CONTINUOUS

1701-10

The car burns down the barren road towards the horizon.

RADIO VOICE (V.O., FILTERED)
...42 degrees, 20 minutes, 46
seconds West Latitude...

1701-11 EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

1701-11

The driver stands over the open trunk. He pours the
remaining liquid from several water bottles into one last
bottle, making sure to shake out every last drop.

The Driver lifts his mask just enough to take a conservative
sip and then SLAMS the trunk closed.

1701-12 INT./EXT. FURY - DRIVING MONTAGE - DAY

1701-12

VARIOUS SHOTS OF THE FURY - kicking up a jet stream of dust
as it blazes through the waste are INTERCUT with--

SHOTS OF THE FUEL GAUGE - The needle dropping towards Empty.

RADIO VOICE (V.O., FILTERED)
This is a signal of human origin
broadcasting on all AM/FM
frequencies from the domed City of
Corinth: 71 degrees, 5 minutes,
<STATIC>--tude, 42 degree-<STATIC>.

1701-13 INT. FURY - CONTINUOUS

1701-13

The Driver shifts gears, turns his head down to fiddle with
the radio, searching through the STATIC for the signal--

RADIO VOICE (V.O., FILTERED)
<STATIC>--of human origin--<STATIC>--

When he looks up, we see a flicker of yellow reflected on the
visor of his helmet. He reacts instantly, slamming--

HIS FOOT - down on the brake, sending--

1701-14 THE FURY

1701-14

--into a four-wheel SKID.

1701-15 A SINGLE YELLOW FLOWER

1701-15

About twelve centimeters high, it grows all alone along one side of the dusty and empty road.

We hear the SKID of the Fury as the dark car fills the background, casting a shadow over the tiny flower until the massive steel vehicle finally comes to a stop just inches short of the flower, the left wheel hovering directly over the tiny plant as the engine RUMBLES, then shuts off.

1701-16 EXT. PARKED FURY - CONTINUOUS

1701-16

The door opens and the driver steps out. He holds up a small mini-vac that SUCKS in air and watches--

THE DIGITAL DIALS -- flash from red to green with a BEEP.

THE DRIVER - pulls off the helmet and peels away the gas mask to reveal intense eyes that scan the empty rock formations around the car. He picks up his final bottle of water (now less than a quarter full). He moves towards--

THE FRONT TIRE - and kneels down, his blank face examining the tiny yellow flower as he uncaps his water bottle and raises it to his lips. Suddenly, he stops.

THE DRIVER - looks down at the tiny flower again. He turns and slowly, very deliberately pours his remaining water onto the flower, tapping out every drop. Meet DILLON.

1701-17 EXT. PARKED FURY - MOMENTS LATER

1701-17

Dillon opens the door, the crash helmet visible inside the car. He hears a faint SOUND and freezes.

1701-18 EXT. ACROSS THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

1701-18

A RED MACHINE POV - digitally scans the Fury from the other side of the road, data streaming as it locks onto the car.

SIX VENJIX GRINDERS - emerge from the rocks, circling the car. Their robotic frames move with a hydraulic WHINE.

MACHINE POV - as the lead Grinder approaches the car. It's targeting system LOCKS onto the top of Dillon's helmet, visible on the driver's side over the roof of the car.

THE LEAD GRINDER - signals to the others. They charge.

GRINDER POV - as we reveal that the helmet is just propped up between the car's door and roof. There's no one there.

THE SIX GRINDERS - stop as the empty helmet drops, rolling to the ground at their feet. They hear FOOTSTEPS and look up as-

DILLON - comes leaping towards them in a display of unnatural strength and grace. He sails down towards the middle of the Grinders, but just before IMPACT, we--

CUT TO:

1701-19 THE SMALL YELLOW FLOWER - SINGLE CONTINUOUS SHOT 1701-19

--and HOLD on it. Somewhere out of frame/focus, we get only slight glimpses of twirling shadows as we hear a series of rapid-fire CRUNCHES and METAL SMASHES.

Some dust kicks up. We hear steel TWISTING and electrical SPARKING. Objects THUD to the ground O.S. Then silence.

We hear boots STEP towards the car. The door opens and SLAMS shut. The car engine ROARS to life.

RADIO VOICE (V.O., FILTERED)
--casting on all AM/FM frequencies
from the domed City of Corinth:

The wheel turns and carefully moves around the flower as we--

CUT TO:

1701-20 EXT. ROAD - REVERSE WIDE 1701-20

--to REVEAL that the ground around the car is now scattered with the battered debris of the six Grinders. A pair of dismembered legs remain standing. They take a few aimless steps and then collapse to the dust. The Fury ROARS away.

RADIO VOICE (V.O., FILTERED)
...71 degrees, 5 minutes, 52
seconds North Longitude...

END ACT I

ACT TWO

1701-21 EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

1701-21

We PAN past the driver's open door--

RADIO VOICE (V.O., FILTERED)
...42 degrees, 20 minutes, 46
seconds--<STATIC--CUTTING OUT>

--and find Dillon standing at the rear of the car, a map spread out over the trunk. He unwraps a yellow lollipop, popping it into his mouth as he peers down at--

A COMPASS - The needle randomly wavers and spins.

DILLON - glances up to look at--

AN ENDLESS SEA OF IDENTICAL DUNES - all around him. The wreck of a truck is visible, jack knifed and rusting.

DILLON - is shaking his head when his eye catches--

AN ANTIQUE POCKET WATCH - weighing down one corner of the map. He picks it up. Pulling out a small key he wears around his neck, he inserts it into the watch and WINDS it before placing it back on the trunk.

*
*
*

Dillon flips open the watch's top cover. The gears inside turn, playing a HAUNTINGLY BEAUTIFUL MUSICAL CHIME.

*
*

SLOW PUSH ON DILLON - His eyes drift away as the CHIMES play.

ON THE INSIDE OF THE WATCH COVER - The remains of a torn away photograph are visible, the edges revealing what might have once been a family portrait.

ON DILLON - The CHIMES slow and are grinding to a stop when--

VOICE (O.S.)
Hold it right there...

Dillon jerks up and we see a nervous guy standing behind him. He wears a torn and shredded black suit, pressing an unseen weapon against Dillon's back. This is--

ZIGGY
Uh-uh-uh. Eyes front. Keep those
hands up where I can see them.

Ziggy peers past Dillon--

ZIGGY

O.k., my friend. Now we can do
this the easy way--or the hard way.
I'm going to count to--

DILLON

No.

ZIGGY

No? Wait--what no? How can you say
no? I haven't even told you my
demands! And now you've made me
lose my train of thought--

DILLON

You want to start over?

ZIGGY

No, no. Let's just keep going.
O.k.--I need to take your car.
Well, let's say "borrow"--that
sounds better. I need to borrow
your car.

DILLON

And those are your demands?

ZIGGY

Yup. Non-negotiable.

DILLON

Can I say something now?

ZIGGY

Please. Go right ahead.

DILLON

No.

Ziggy stares at him for a beat.

ZIGGY

O.k. Fine. I wasn't even going to bring this up because it's kind of rude--but I am the one holding the blaster here, yah? Plus, I'm a desperate and dangerous--

DILLON

--You're not holding a blaster.

ZIGGY

Wha-what do you mean? Of course I'm holding a blaster! What else would it be?

*

Dillon leans back, pressing against the weapon in question--

DILLON

It feels like a four and a half inch outtake muffler.
(jerks chin at wreck)
Just like one you might have pulled out of that rig.

WIDER ON DILLON AND ZIGGY - to reveal that Ziggy is, indeed, pressing the harmless and comically twisted muffler shaft into Dillon's back. He looks ridiculous.

ZIGGY

Maybe. I mean, I'll admit--that's an interesting theory. But a smart guy like me might disguise his blaster to look exactly like--

WHOOSH! A flash of movement as Dillon spins. It's so fast--

ZIGGY - isn't even sure what just happened--until the muffler suddenly comes apart in his hands, sliced cleanly in two. He drops them and backpedals as Dillon starts towards him.

ZIGGY

Wait! Nottheface--Nottheface--

Dillon strides past him and begins going through Ziggy's bag--

DILLON

Any water? Gas? Food?

ZIGGY

Well, no. That's some of the other stuff I was kind of planning to, you know, "borrow" from you.

Dillon tosses the bag, heads for the car. Ziggy follows.

ZIGGY

Whoa--where are you going? I mean, you can't just leave me out here.

Dillon stares at him. Sure he can. Suddenly STATIC and--

RADIO VOICE (V.O., FILTERED)

--signal of human origin
broadcasting on all AM/FM
frequencies from the domed City--

Ziggy glances over the car, sees the map and compass.

ZIGGY

Corinth! You're looking for
Corinth City! Hmmm? Am I right?

*

Dillon stashes his gear in the car as Ziggy trails behind him--

ZIGGY

Sure, sure--the radiation makes the compass go all screwy--messes with the radio frequencies, too--very hard to find your way. Fortunately for you, I can take you there.

DILLON

If you knew where Corinth was, you'd be there.

ZIGGY

I was! I mean, I just came from there. Look--I'm serious!

Ziggy fishes a holographic I.D. card from his pocket.

ZIGGY

That's right. Corinth citizen I.D.
Laser authenticated and everything.

Dillon studies the card--he might even be impressed. With a slight jerk of the chin, he motions Ziggy towards the passenger side as he reads from the card--

DILLON
Ziggy. Your name is Ziggy.

ZIGGY
Yup. That's me.

Ziggy tosses his bag into the back, opens the passenger door.
Dillon pauses, speaking to him over the roof of the car.

DILLON
What are you doing out here, Ziggy?

ZIGGY
Well, you know, that's kind of a
long story. I'd be happy to tell
you the whole thing on the way...
(reading Dillon's look)
...Or maybe I could just get in and
keep my mouth shut?

Dillon nods, climbing into the car.

DILLON
Yeah. The second one.

CUT TO:

1701-22 INT. FURY - LATER

1701-22

THE FUEL GAUGE - needle drops. A warning light flashes on.

DILLON - is watching it while Ziggy kicks back, putting up
his feet. We notice that he's missing his right shoe.

ZIGGY
Ahhhh. So...you still haven't told
me your name.

DILLON
I don't know.

Ziggy pulls off his dirty sock, turning it over and shaking a
pile of sand and pebbles out on the floor of the car.

ZIGGY
You don't know if you want to tell
me your name?

DILLON
I don't know my name.

This takes a moment for Ziggy to process.

ZIGGY

Well--where are you from? I mean,
who are you then?

DILLON

I don't know.

More silence. And then--

ZIGGY

You know, if you and I are going to
be partners, I feel like we may
need to work on our communication--
Wait! There! Look!

*

Dillon brings the car to a stop as Ziggy points through the
windshield at the glowing dome shield of Corinth.

ZIGGY

See? Ziggy promises. Ziggy
delivers. Corinth City. Now, we
probably want to pull off the road
here and wait until dark--

DILLON

We can't stop.

ZIGGY

Pardo--excuse me--what?

DILLON

We're running on fumes. If I kill
the engine now, I don't know if I
can start it again.

ZIGGY

No-no-no-no-no-no. This is a joke,
right? Your not serious.

Dillon hits the gas, pinning Ziggy back on his seat as--

*

A ROCKET BURST - explodes from the car's dual tail pipes.

*

Ziggy is trying to keep his cool--

ZIGGY

Stop. Time out. We need a reality check. Let me spell this out for you, yah? No one has ever run the barricade into the city during daylight, understand? No one.

DILLON

I'm about as close to no one as you're ever going to meet.

ZIGGY

O.k. You know what? You can just
drop me off anywhere along here.
(they don't slow down)
Or here. Or right along there.
That spot would have been good.

An OMINOUS HUMMING makes him look back to see--

TWO CRUISER-BOTS - motorcycle-like mechanized attack
vehicles. They're closing in from behind.

ZIGGY

It's a perimeter patrol!
They're right on top of us!

Dillon calmly reaches for an open tool box at Ziggy's feet.

DILLON

Hand me that.

Ziggy begins rifling through the contents of the box,
offering them up to Dillon, who waves them off.

*

ZIGGY

What? This? You mean this? This
thing? Can you be more specific?
This one? You don't mean THIS?

Ziggy is holding up a yellow lollipop. Dillon calmly takes
it, unwraps it, and pops it into his mouth. Ziggy sinks--

ZIGGY

This can't be happening. I'm
running the Venjix barricade in
broad daylight with Willy Wonka at
the wheel.

POW! POW! The car shakes as--

1701-23 EXT. WASTELAND - CONTINUOUS

1701-23

--the two cruisers open fire on the Fury. The car weaves
through the barrage. One cruiser moves in closer, pulling up
towards the Fury's driver side.

1701-24 INT. FURY - CONTINUOUS

1701-24

Dillon calmly picks a circular metal ring/disc out of from
under the front seats. He hits--

*

*

A BUTTON - on the disc. A light begins flashing faster and faster, accompanied by a matching series of BEEPS. *

Ziggy watches as Dillon takes the lollipop out of his mouth, twisting the end of the wax stick around the edge of the disk. He holds it out his window and--

1701-25 EXT. FURY - CONTINUOUS 1701-25

--uses his side mirror to aim, lining the lollipop up with the cruiser behind them as the BEEPS get faster.

DILLON'S HAND - releases the lolly. It sails back, hitting--

THE FRONT OF THE CRUISER -- with a wet SPLAT, the candy sticks the charge as the red light BEEPS into SOLID TONE and--

1701-26 EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS 1701-26

--The cruiser EXPLODES into a ball of flames behind the Fury. The second cruiser SMASHES into the wreckage of the first.

1701-27 INT. THE FURY - CONTINUOUS 1701-27

ZIGGY - looks back at the wreck.

ZIGGY

Remind me never to get on your bad side.

DILLON

Trust me, you're already there.

Ziggy turns, clapping his hands together and rubbing them--

ZIGGY

O.k. Close call. Now, we still have time to turn around and head back before we hit--

*

His eyes go wide as he points frantically ahead.

*

ZIGGY

THE VENJIX BARRIER!!!!

*

*

POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - a line of heavily armed robotic machines emerge from the dense smoke.

*

1701-28 EXT. CORNINTH CITY DOME

1701-28

WIDE ON THE BARRICADE - as the Fury ROARS towards it and we-

END ACT II

ACT III

1701-29 EXT. CORINTH CITY DOME - DAY 1701-29

RE-ESTABLISH - The Fury bearing down on the line of Venjix machines, GROWLING as it picks up speed. They open FIRE.

1701-30 INT. THE FURY - CONTINUOUS 1701-30

Flashes of EXPLOSIONS go off around the car as Dillon jerks the wheel to avoid them. Ziggy is hyper-ventilating.

ZIGGY

It's not too late. We can still
turn back. We can still turn back.

CUT TO:

1701-31 INT. CORINTH CITY - CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS 1701-31

COLONEL TRUMAN - now wears a Corinth City militia uniform. He is sitting in his command center, lost in thought when Hicks (now in City Guard uniform) approaches--

CORPORAL HICKS

Sir? We're picking up an incoming
bio-signal outside the dome.

This gets his attention. He follows Corporal Hicks towards--

1701-32 INT. CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS 1701-32

--where VASQUEZ, a female technician, watches a radar screen showing a rendering of the Fury as it dodges through the gauntlet of Venjix obstacles.

COLONEL TRUMAN

Talk to me, Vasquez.

*
*

VASQUEZ

It's a single vehicle--driving
straight through the middle of the
Venjix barricade. Definitely
human. One or maybe two bio-fields.

COLONEL TRUMAN

Which is it, one or two?

VASQUEZ

The scan must be off, sir. It's
reading one and a half.

COLONEL TRUMAN
Alert Doctor K.

ON A MONITOR - The computer rendering of the Fury as it weaves in between a series of enemy vehicles as we--

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

1701-33 INT. VENJIX PALACE - CONTINUOUS

1701-33

--The same scene playing out on a monitor with vastly different-looking technology.

ON A PILLAR - We see the single glowing eye from the opening as it faces two machine Generals, SHIFTER and CRUNCH--

GENERAL SHIFTER
Your most exalted Venjix-ness, we
have a human target approaching the
city's barricade.

GENERAL CRUNCH
We're going to blow it to teeny
tiny bits, right? Please, please!

*
*

VENJIX
Of course...

Monitors around him flicker on, showing the P.O.V. of several guns as they sweep back and forth, finding the image of the Fury, heading directly at the monitors.

VENJIX
...I always enjoy a little target
practice...

END OF ACT III

EPILOGUE

1701-34 EXT. CORINTH CITY BARRICADE - DAY

1701-34

THE VENJIX GUNS ALONG THE BARRICADE - all spin, turning away from the city and locking onto--

THE FURY - as it weaves between two cruiser bots, causing them to BLAST each other and EXPLODE.

1701-35 INT. FURY - CONTINUOUS

1701-35

DILLON - twists the wheel as he drops more disc charges out his window. EXPLOSIONS and LASERS flash everywhere, but--

ZIGGY - seems to have accepted his fate. He hangs a hand out his window, calmly rolling a lollipop around in his mouth.

ZIGGY

You know, I never learned to play a musical instrument. Who knows? I might have been the greatest clarinet player in the entire world...

*

*

ALTERNATE: In a matter of seconds, we see Ziggy cycle through each one of the classic 'Five Stages Of Grief'--

*

*

ZIGGY

*

(1. Denial)

*

This can't be happening! This can't be happening!

*

*

(2. Anger)

*

Why me!? It's not fair!!!

*

(3. Bargaining)

*

Maybe we can surrender, make some sort of deal?

*

*

(4. Depression)

*

What's the use? We're doomed!

*

It's all over!

*

(5. Acceptance)

*

Oh, well. Might as well sit back and enjoy the ride.

*

*

He pops a lollipop in his mouth and kicks back.

*

*

DILLON

Hand me some more thermex charges.

ZIGGY - is pulling out a charge when he juggles it and it accidentally activates in his hand--BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

ZIGGY

Ooops. That's not good.

DILLON POV - A ROBOTIC PLATFORM GUN - is directly in front of them. The large blaster barrel swivels towards them.

1701-36 INT. VENJIX PALACE - CONTINUOUS

1701-36

ON A TARGETING MONITOR - The Fury is on the main screen.

GENERAL SHIFTER

The target is headed right for our main artillery blaster.

VENJIX

All too easy. Fire on my mark...

1701-37 INT. FURY - CONTINUOUS

1701-37

Dillon jerks the wheel and--

THE ACTIVATED CHARGE - slips out of Ziggy's hand and into the back seat of the car--BEEP!BEEP!BEEP!

ZIGGY

And that's gotta be worse.

1701-38 EXT. CORINTH CITY BARRICADE - CONTINUOUS

1701-38

THE FURY - is headed right towards the city, but the Venjix barricade, including the main gun is right in their way.

1701-39 INT. FURY

1701-39

DILLON - glances back to see--

ZIGGY - furiously reaching for the BEEPING armed charge that is just out of his reach on the back seat.

DILLON

Call me Dillon.

ZIGGY

What?

DILLON

My name. You can call me Dillon.

1701-40 INT. VENJIX PALACE - CONTINUOUS

1701-40

THE CENTER MONITOR - Graphics lock onto the Fury--

VENJIX

Five...four...three...

1701-41 INT. FURY - CONTINUOUS

1701-41

Ziggy strains for the charge that is BEEPING faster and faster. He winces, bracing as it goes SOLID--

ZIGGY

It's been nice knowing you, Dillon.

DILLON

Hang on.

He twists the wheel violently to the left, sending--

THE FURY

--into a sideways skid right in front of the platform gun.
The momentum of the stop sends--

ZIGGY

-- forward, his seat belt catching him. But--

THE BEEPING CHARGE

--sails off the back seat through the air, between Dillon and Ziggy, and through the open passenger window and into--

THE BARREL OF THE VENJIX ARTILLERY BLASTER

BOOM! The machine BLASTS away, leaving a gap in the line.

1701-42 INT. VENJIX PALACE - CONTINUOUS

1701-42

THE TARGETING MONITOR - goes to STATIC. General Shifter and Crunch glance at each other while the Venjix eye burns bright with anger--

*

VENJIX

Unleash the generation five attack-bot...

*

*

PAN OVER - to an incubation well. A hook slowly raises the figure of the ENGINE BLOCK from an ocean of steam--

VENJIX

...NOW!

1701-43 EXT. CORINTH CITY BARRICADE - DAY

1701-43

THE FURY - SCREAMS in reverse over the debris of the gun, backing through the hole in the line and then skidding 180 degrees back towards the city.

1701-44 INT. CORINTH CITY - CONTROL TOWER - CONTINUOUS 1701-44

Truman and the others look at each other in disbelief.

CORPORAL HICKS
They made it.

The Colonel turns to another screen that is plain white with the single letter 'K' on it.

COLONEL TRUMAN
Doctor K?

The VOICE of DOCTOR K comes out in electronic modulation-

DOCTOR K (V.O., FILTERED)
Lower the shield please, Colonel.

COLONEL TRUMAN
There's going to be infiltration before we can power the shield back up.

DOCTOR K
Understood. My team is on the way.

CUT TO:

1701-45 EXT. CORINTH CITY - INTERIOR GATE 128 1701-45

Trailing smoke, the Fury comes flying through the gate and into the walls of the city.

1701-46 INT. FURY - CONTINUOUS 1701-46

Dillon looks up in wonder at the blue sky and programmed climate. Suddenly, the engine SPUTTERS and dies.

THE FUEL GAUGE - reads empty.

ZIGGY - moves his hands over his own body, checking it over. *

ZIGGY
Hey! I'm alive! We made it!

DILLON
Not yet.

Dillon is looking into--

THE REAR VIEW MIRROR -- where we see ENGINE BLOCK and a platoon of GRINDERS stream in through the gate, charging towards the dead Fury. Suddenly--

1701-47 EXT. CORINTH CITY - INTERIOR GATE 128 1701-47

--three figures come leaping from out of nowhere, landing around the Fury and facing the oncoming machines.

We PAN OVER the familiar faces. It is the Young Pilot (SCOTT), the Medic (SUMMER), and the Bus Driver (FLYNN) from the opening battle. They pull out their morphers and launch into our STANDARD MORPHING SEQUENCE.

SCOTT/SUMMER/FLYNN
RPM, Get in Gear!

1701-48 INT. FURY - CONTINUOUS 1701-48

DILLON AND ZIGGY - For the first time, Dillon is the confused one. He watches in disbelief as--

1701-49 EXT. CORINTH CITY - INTERIOR GATE 128 1701-49

THE THREE RANGERS - charge into the attacking machines.

ON RED - as he suddenly supercharges, BLASTING into three Grinders and sending them flying.

ON BLUE - Several Grinders are swinging at him when he CHARGES up and STOPS TIME. The world stops for ten seconds as he calmly moves around behind them and takes them out. As we return to REAL TIME--

THE ENGINE - leaps in front of the Fury, it's guns aiming through the windshield at Dillon and Ziggy when--

YELLOW - leaps onto the hood. Throwing two hands forward, she uses a CHI ENERGY BLAST that sends the Engine sailing off into an abandoned warehouse.

1701-50 INT. FURY - CONTINUOUS 1701-50

Ziggy pumps his fist. Dillon's jaw hangs as he watches the Rangers race into the warehouse after the Engine.

ZIGGY

Yeah! That's what I'm talking
about! Go Rangers!

Dillon leans against the steering wheel as he looks into--

1701-51 THE WAREHOUSE

1701-51

FROM GO ONGER # 1: IN AT: 01:13:02.06

--where the Rangers SKID to a stop, MORPHING WEAPONS as they charge towards the Engine, who FIRES back at them.

OUT AT 01:13:24.29

1701-52 INT. FURY - CONTINUOUS

1701-52

DILLON
Wait. Go what?

ZIGGY
Rangers. Power Rangers.

1701-53 INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

1701-53

IN AT 01:13:24.07

The Engine continues firing at the Rangers, who keep racing forward as EXPLOSIONS blossom behind them--

RANGER RED/RANGER YELLOW/RANGER BLUE
<attack charge>!

OUT AT 01:13:28.06

1701-54 INT. FURY - CONTINUOUS

1701-54

Dillon turns to Ziggy, puzzled--

DILLON
What's a Power Ranger?

SLAM TO BLACK: